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# An American Child In Europe



By LOUISE A. WALLACE



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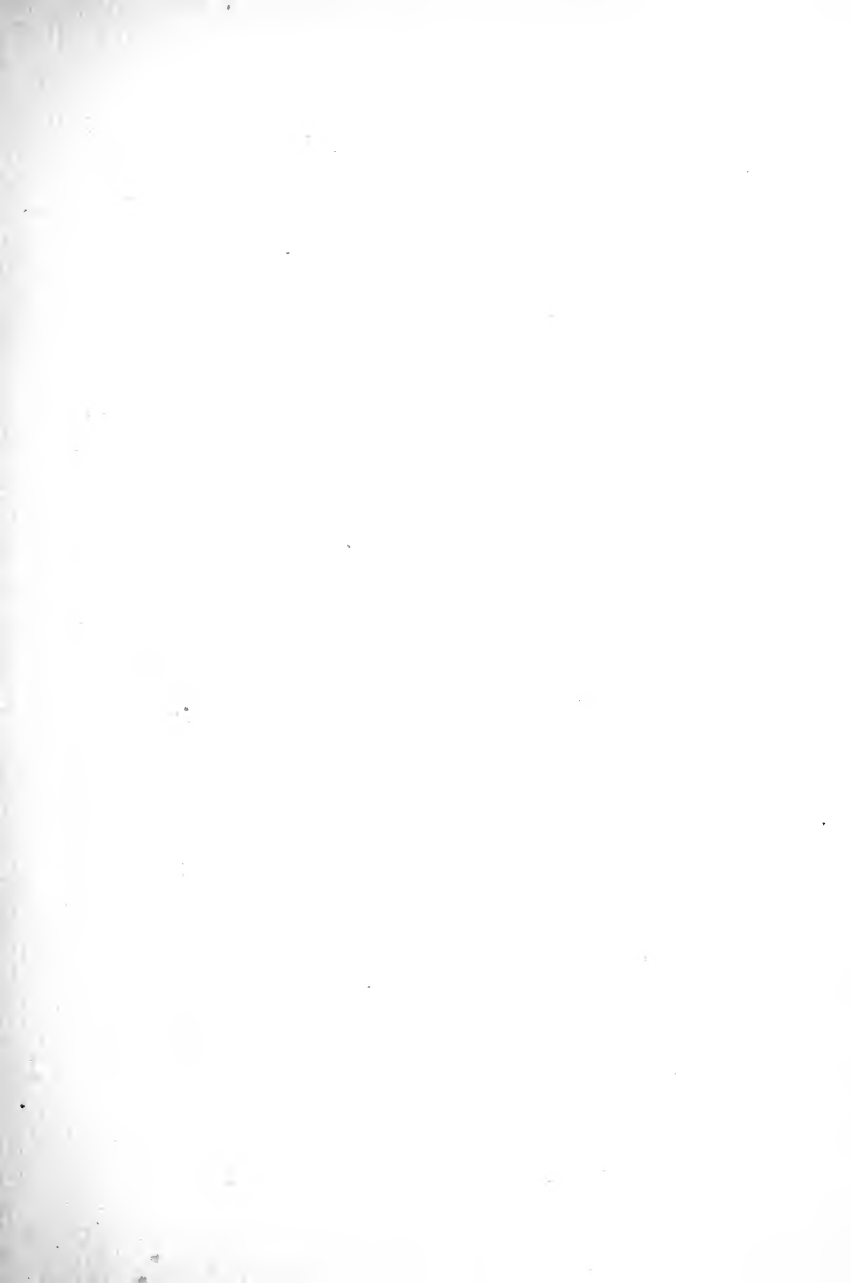


















RUTH  
(WHOSE TRAVELS ARE HEREIN RECORDED.)

# AN AMERICAN CHILD IN EUROPE

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BY  
*Mrs.* LOUISE A. WALLACE

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THE IMPRESSIONS OF A LITTLE  
GIRL, DURING A YEAR'S  
TRAVEL IN THE  
OLD WORLD

WITH EIGHT HALF-TONE ILLUSTRATIONS

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TO  
"TANTE"

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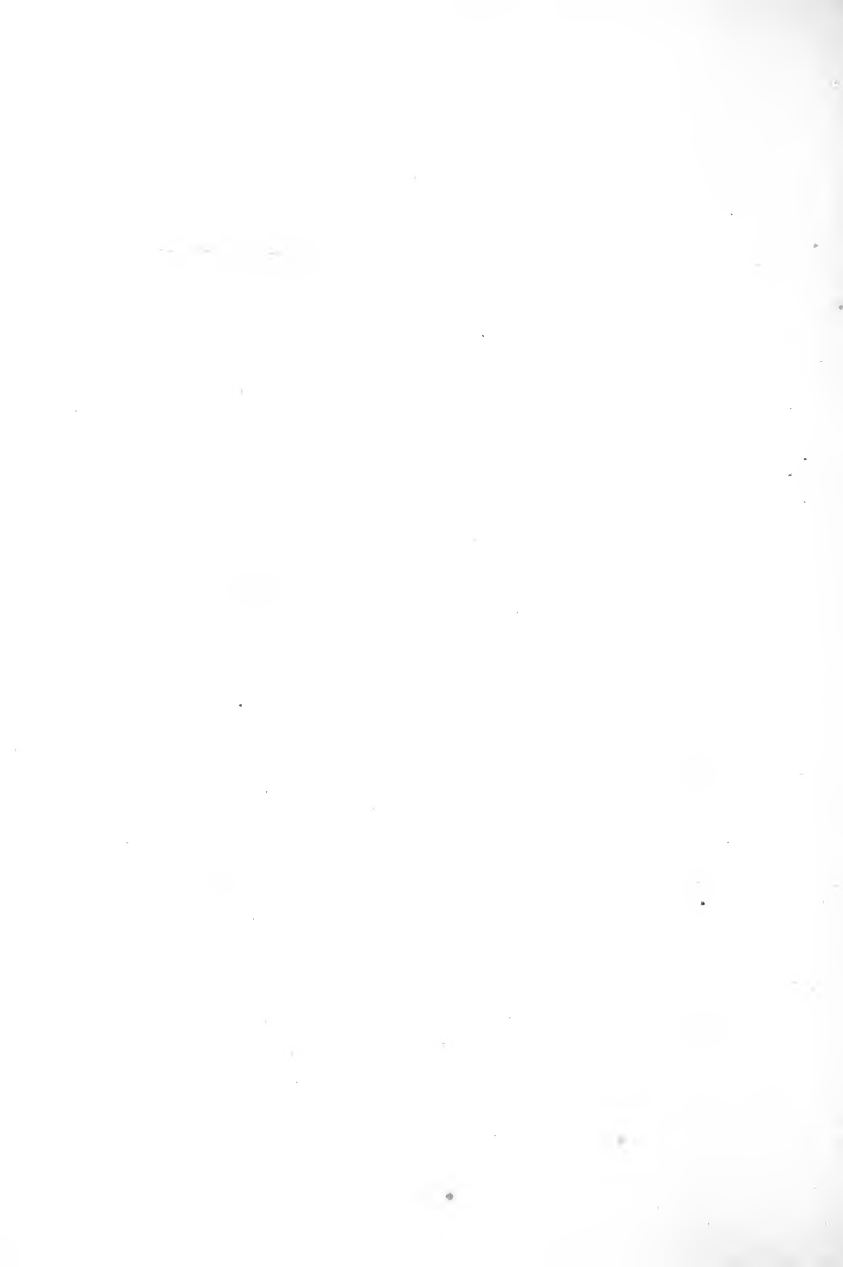
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# AN AMERICAN CHILD IN EUROPE

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## CHAPTER ONE

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### ON BOARD SHIP

GAMES AND CONTESTS. TWO VISITS TO  
THE SHIP BARBER.

**W**HEN I was a little girl of six, father and mother decided to take my brother and me, and spend one year in Europe visiting some of the principal cities and traveling from place to place, just as the "spirit moved us," as father said. Mother talked with my teacher about taking school-books along, but she said we would get more out of the trip by keeping our eyes open than by all the school-books in the world.

Other people said, "What a shame to take those children out of school for a whole year; they are too young to get anything out of such a trip." But we really did learn a lot,—brother

and I,—and now I am ever so much older, and with brother's help and mother's diary to refer to (about dates and things) I am writing down all I can remember about our travels.

Father had gone over to Carlsbad two months earlier and had agreed to meet us in London so there were four of us who left our home in America together, mother, my brother Edwin and I and my aunt Nellie, who went over with us to study German. This was in June and the ocean trip was a delightful one, long, lazy days, almost all of them pleasant. I was what people called "a good sailor" and did not mind even the times it was rough and the ship tossed about. Brother and I had breakfast and luncheon with mother and auntie, but at night we had a light supper, just right for children, at half-past five, and soon after that we went to bed. Then mother and auntie would go to their dinner, because the "grown-



ups'' ate a seven o'clock. I remember one night after they had left us in the state-room to go to their dinner, we decided to put on life preservers. We had a hard time getting them down from the rack on the ceiling from our perch in the upper berth, but we finally managed to get them loose and strapped them around each other. We had a fine frolic for a while, but bye and bye we got very sleepy and decided to take off the clumsy things and settle down for the night. Alas! We could not get them off. Edwin struggled with mine and I tugged at his, and as we could not lie down with them on, we were obliged to just sit patiently and wait until mother came. She had supposed we were asleep hours ago, and had come to the cabin to give us a little motherly tucking in. Our eyelids were drooping and our spirits were anything but gay as we sat there like graven

images in the top berth, but mother said afterward we were a very funny sight.

We used to play shuffle-board sometimes and there were other interesting things to do; but the biggest day of all was the day of the contests when there were races, and the tug-of-war, and high jumping and all sorts of games, and prizes were given for the winners. My brother won in some of the contests and I was very proud, but the only one I entered was the jam contest, which sounds interesting but is not so very, especially when one has had a shampoo just the day before by the barber on the ship who was not very gentle, because he was hurrying to get through to shave some men. That is a long sentence, but it really belongs all together. The connection between the shampoo by the ship's barber and the jam will be discovered later. Whoever invented the jam

contest must have been either very bald or had a shaven head and couldn't possibly imagine what it would do to a little girl with a "Dutch cut."

A long cord was stretched across the deck away up above the heads of even the tallest of the children. From this were hung six cords with a bun covered with jam on the end of each, just about on a level with our heads. Then our hands were tied behind us, we were given a signal and all six children began to nibble at the swinging, jam-covered buns. No one could get a good hold on them with his teeth, but one boy managed to pull his off the string and got down on the floor and ate like a dog, because his hands were fastened behind him. It was very smeary and sticky with that bun bobbing and swinging against my face and hair, and I did not get even one good bite. I was

ashamed, too, with everybody leaning over the rail of the hurricane deck and laughing at us, and I did wish I could get my hands loose and run away and hide.

The boy who ate like a dog got the first prize for eating the quickest, but I didn't think it was a very great honor. My brother got the second prize, but I was glad he wasn't the dog-one. And I was awarded a prize for not getting even one bite out of my bun. It was a pretty black silk ribbon for my hat with the name of the steamer woven in gold letters. But that did not make up for all I had to suffer, for my hair was all a sticky mass, and my pretty blue hair ribbon was ruined, and mother had to take me straight to the barber again and pay him another two shillings for a shampoo, just like the day before. Only it was more dreadful, for my hair was in a worse tangle and he pulled it cruelly.





ON DECK. THE SHIP-BARBER'S CANARY.

He had a very pretty canary bird though, which he had taught to do tricks, and he would sometimes let us have the cage out on deck in the sunlight, where we could play with him, and give him bits of sugar. So he was quite a kind barber, after all.

What I liked best of all was to be wrapped up in a steamer rug and sit on a chair next to mother, or on her knee, and have her read to me. Then the deck steward would come around with his big tray of hot bouillon—if it was forenoon—or tea in the afternoon, and salty crackers (or “biscuits” as the steward called them because he was English) and thin bread and butter sandwiches, and we were always ready for whatever he had. We children were almost always hungry on board ship, and mother says everyone is, unless they suffer from seasickness, and then they are so much the other way that they

can't even bear to hear anyone speak of food. But we were not that way at all, and there were no unpleasant happenings to mar the memory of my first ocean voyage.



## CHAPTER TWO.

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### LONDON AND EDINBOROUGH.

THE LANDING. SIGHT-SEEING IN LONDON.  
EDINBOROUGH IN GALA DRESS.  
AULD AYR.

**F**INALLY the day came to land and we were all very much excited. Long before the big steamer got into the slip we could see father on the dock to meet us, with a high silk hat, and a long frock coat and looking very English, and not at all like our dear Scotch-American father, who had left us two months before. Edwin leaned over the rail to get a better look at him and in the excitement his hat dropped off into the ocean, and, of course, that was the last of that.

It was a perfectly new hat, too, bought especially for the trip. Afterward in London father had a dreadful time trying to get him a hat like little American boys wear.

The salesmen all wanted to sell him what they call a "bowler," like our derby. Imagine my little eight-year-old brother wearing a derby hat!

Well, we had some wonderful days in London, but I am afraid I remember more about the Zoo, and Madame Tussard's Wax Works, than I do about the British Museum, or the Tower, or Westminster Abbey—for we went to all of those places. I do remember going to St. Paul's on Sunday, and that I was cold in there, and we all went to Hyde Park afterward and sat in chairs and watched the Sunday parade of people in their very best clothes walking back and forth.

It was very warm in London at this time, and after we had been there two weeks we were glad to take the train for Edinburgh, Scotland. Everything was excitement there, for the King and Queen, who had just been

crowned, were soon to visit Scotland and everybody wanted their homes and themselves to look clean and shining, and there were hundreds of flags, and everything looked very gay, like our fourth of July at home.

We had been there two days when they came. We had been out to Holyrood Castle and were just coming back through the crowds of people that filled the streets, when we saw their Majesties, King George and Queen Mary, driving from the station. The King looked very little when he stood up in the carriage and bowed to the people, and I thought the Queen's hat was very funny, so many feathers, but mother said it was a rare treat for children like us to be able to see the King and Queen of the British Isles without any effort whatever, so I looked as hard as I could till they had gone by.

Every day there was something planned for their entertainment. One day there was a wonderful exhibition by the Boy Scouts—four thousand of them—and when the King and Queen appeared, the boys put their hats on their staffs and waved them high in the air. It was a wonderful sight.

Then there were aeroplane flights, and exhibition drills by the different regiments: the Scottish Grays, and the Black Watch, and the King's Guard, and the Fusiliers, and ever so many others; and I don't see how the King and Queen could help but be pleased with all the beautiful things that were done for their entertainment, and I should think they surely would have been proud of the people they ruled over and the beautiful country all around them, with its hills, and moors, and purple heather, which belongs to their kingdom.

The place where we stayed in Edinburgh was a very interesting one. It was a private house in the famous old George Square, only a few doors from the house occupied by Sir Walter Scott for so many years. There were two very nice English children there whose parents were in India, the father being a colonel in the army. We four had jolly times together, and one afternoon we attended a real, English garden party at the home of one of their friends. Every day we rehearsed for a play we had planned to give to the members of the household, and I remember we had programs, and a stage, and curtains, and a royal box, and everything we could think of to make it like a real theatre. It was a great deal of trouble, but ever so much fun.

The owner and head of the household was Miss B—— (mother says I must not put

down any real names), an English lady, who had once been wealthy but who had lost her money and was obliged to take a few "paying guests" each summer to provide an income. Her grown-up nephew, an orphan, made his home with her and at dinner she would preside at one end of the long table and the nephew at the other, with a platter of meat in front of each. The meals were very dainty, but the portions were small and father did not really get enough to eat.

Miss B—— would say, for instance, "Now today we have a leg of mutton and a meat pie, which will you have?"

We were supposed to be polite and say, "I'll take mutton, please," or, "I'll have a little of the meat pie, please," and all of us did but father, and when it would come his turn he'd say, "I'll take both," which always got Miss B—— quite excited, for I think she had never had anyone say that before.

One day we had all planned to go to Holyrood Castle for the second time. This is the old castle where Mary Queen of Scots lived for so long and who was afterward beheaded in London, and whose son was James the First, who ruled over England.

Well, I had a dreadful toothache that day and mother and I, instead of going with the others to Holyrood Castle, went to quite a different place—the dentist's, expecting to get the aching tooth filled, for it was one that should have lasted for several years. Instead of that he put a horrid, smelly thing over my face and made me draw long breaths and I went to sleep, and when I woke up the tooth was gone. But I didn't wake up very well and my mother took me in her arms and ran with me all the way home and held me all that afternoon in her room which we called the "Glory Room," because the sun-

shine flooded in there in such a blaze of glory for hours every day.

The dentists over there are not called "Doctor So and So," just plain "Mr.," which seemed very odd to us.

We were in Edinburgh two weeks, but the first of August we started for Ayr, where the poet Robert Burns was born; and we went through the big, noisy city of Glasgow. I was glad we did not have to stop there very long.

We changed trains there and mother thought it would be nice to buy a little Scotch short-bread to eat on the train. There was a stand at the station where such things were sold and she said to the girl behind the counter:

"I would like sixpence worth of sweet-bread, please."

She meant to say "short-bread," of course,



and as the poor girl had never heard of sweet-breads, she didn't know what mother was talking about. She kept asking what mother wanted and mother kept repeating "sweet-breads" until finally she pointed to some short-bread and the girl said, "Oh, it is short-bread you wish, madame."

Then mother apologized and we all laughed about it after we got on the train, that she had been asking for meat when she wanted cake.

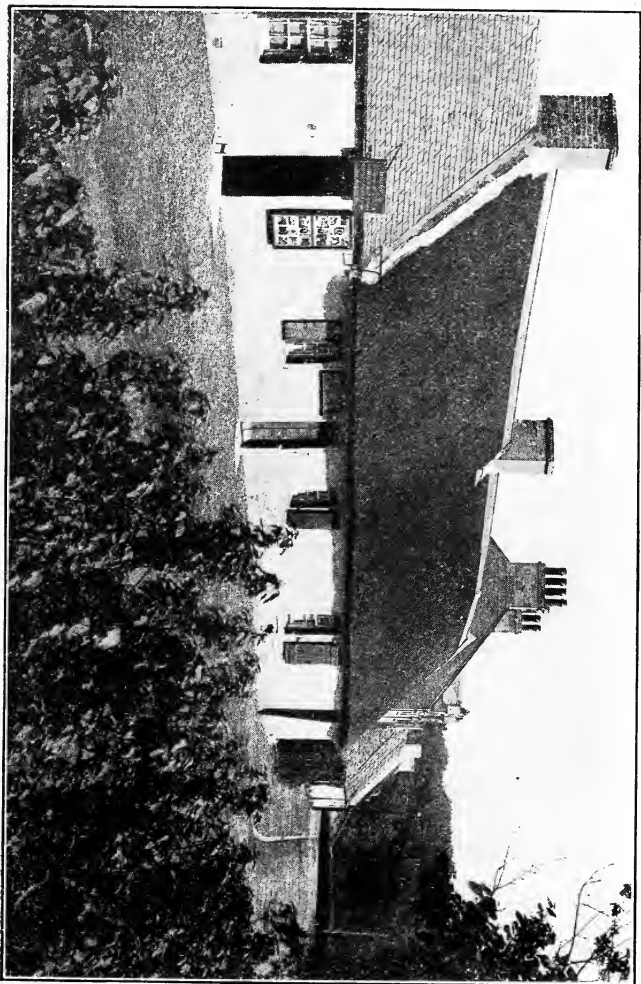
Ayr is a beautiful city and father said that the poet Burns, in his poem "Tam o' Shanter," wrote of it:

"Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,  
For honest men, and bonnie lassies."

We had a fine place right on the seashore where we played in the sands from morning until night, and built castles, and dug trenches, and made forts and entrenchments,

and played sand fairies and rode little donkeys up and down the beach and had such happy times!

Of course, we went all through the cottage where Robert Burns was born and saw the few old keepsakes. Mother took our pictures on the Brig o' Doon and we visited Auld Alloway Kirk where Tam o' Shanter saw the witches and goblins dance on the night of his wild ride home from Ayr, in that same poem.



BURNS COTTAGE. (AYR, SCOTLAND.)



## CHAPTER THREE.

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### IN GERMANY.

ON THE RHINE, COLOGNE. BERLIN.

**W**HEN we left Ayr we went back to Edinburgh, this time going to a hotel in the town overlooking the beautiful Princess Gardens, where we stayed for two or three days. We then returned to London and after a few days there left on August twelfth at eight o'clock in the evening by train for Harwich, then took a steamer for Hook of Holland, arriving at four o'clock the following morning.

From then until three that afternoon was just a dizzy whirl of trains, for we had to hurry and get dressed and take a train at five o'clock that morning for Cologne. The heat was terrible, but brother and I played that the green plush upholstery on the seats was

beautiful, cool, green grass and that made us forget how hot it really was.

We were to be in Cologne a few weeks later, so at this time we stopped only long enough to change trains and finally reached Neuenahr, a little German town not far from the Rhine, where the famous appollinaris water comes from, gushing from the earth in wonderful, never-ceasing streams. We went all through the big plant where it is bottled, and sealed, and shipped all over the world.

At Neuenahr we were very happy for a month. Father drank the water at the springs in the village all the time we were there and sometimes I tried to drink it, too, but the taste was very bad and I did not like it. Father had to pay what is called a "kur-tax" to the city for each one of us, whether we drank the water or not, for people came

from all over the world for the "cure" like at Carlsbad or any of the big cure towns.

The mountains were all around us, for places like that are usually in the valleys or foot-hills, and it was very warm. The band played in the park every afternoon and evening, and we used to hear it often after we had gone to bed. There were beautiful old gardens back of the hotel where we stayed, and we used to play there by the hour. Mother has a picture of brother and me playing tea party at one of the little tables, and another one of father and me playing checkers under the trees.

My dollies were a great comfort to me that summer. I had one named Gretchen, and later on she had a brother named Hansel, who seemed quite at home in that German garden. My Auntie was studying German every day and she was often in the

garden with her books after her lesson, at a little table in a shady nook. We heard German spoken all the time and Edwin and I began saying "Tante" instead of Auntie, and "Mutter" for Mother.

The small daughter of the proprietor had a birthday while we were there, and many of her little friends were invited for the afternoon. There were delicious things to eat, and we all played German games in the garden under the trees and had a delightful time, only we had dreadful stomach aches that night from too much *pfefferkuchen*.

On the ninth of September, according to mother's diary, we left for Cologne, where we stayed only long enough to see the beautiful cathedral, and it looked just like all the pictures I had seen of it at home. But what I remember the best about Cologne is the hotel where we stayed, called the



“Dome Hotel.” In one of the rooms was what we called a stage, which was really only a wide step in one alcove like a bay window. This had curtains across that would draw and Edwin and I had a fine time playing “theatre” there.

Mother and I went to one of the small shops in Cologne to get a picture of the Cathedral to send away. She wanted one in sepia, I think she called it, but could not make the man understand that it was a brown print she wanted, and looked around for something brown to show him, and all at once I thought of something, and surprised mother very much when I put my foot with it's short, brown stocking and brown sandal on the counter. I was only six and the counter was low, but mother said I should not do that again. The man understood and brought out the brown print,

though I think he smiled a little when he turned to get it.

We went to Berlin from Cologne, traveling from ten o'clock in the morning until seven at night, and went to a *pension* that someone had told us was very nice, and where we would hear nothing but German spoken, and that pleased Tante Nellie, for it was exactly what she wanted. But it was such a funny place we spent but one night there.

The rooms were large and had very high ceilings, but were so filled with great pieces of upholstered furniture that they seemed stuffy and small. One could scarcely move about in between those huge chairs, and divans, and things; and Edwin and I, when we were ready for bed, played we were mountain goats and stepped from the back of one chair to another all around the room,





HAPPY HOURS IN A GERMAN GARDEN. (BERLIN.)

pretending we were leaping from crag to crag. Tante heard enough German during our first meal to last her for a long time, and even she was willing to go the next morning, although that was not the reason, of course.

Father heard of a place—when he called at the American Express Company for mail—on Bellevue Strasse, almost in the heart of Berlin. It had once been a palace and had the most wonderful grounds, and gardens filled with trees, and vines, and pieces of statuary, and old marble benches, and trellises, and flowers, and everything just like fairyland.

There was a little pond in the garden, too, with a fountain, and a gardener who worked all the time to keep things nice; but not too nice, because the German baron who owned the place wished to have it look like just what it was—a very old but very beautiful private estate.

But I almost forget to tell about the inside, which, after all, is the most important part. An American lady had leased this place for a term of years and could take a few people to live there. It was a very homey, beautiful place, and we were so glad when we found we could have a suite of four rooms overlooking the old garden, and we had our trunks brought and settled right down for a month with one of the kindest, dearest ladies we have ever known.

The servants were all German as well as some of the guests, and auntie had a chance to hear and speak it after all. The very next day after we got there was her birthday and we had lovely flowers on the table, and Edwin and I gave her a book of Rhine views, and we had a beautiful German birthday cake, and everything was very gay and festive at dinner that night.

In the afternoon we had all gone in a sight-seeing car, which we children loved to do, and for two hours had motored around the city. The trip was called "Seeing Berlin," and we surely did see it. We lived not far from the beautiful five-hundred-acre Tier Garten, the largest public park of Berlin, and we often went there, Edwin and I, for we could now speak enough German to be able to ask a policeman our way home if we got lost, though some of them spoke English. They were very grand looking creatures, and wore shining spiked helmets, and those who could speak English had the English flag and the Stars and Stripes embroidered on the sleeves of their blue uniforms.

We began having an hour or two of lessons these days, as mother thought the discipline would be good for us and we talked German with *Tante* and had some arithmetic

—which I don't like at all—and mother made us each write a letter to her every day, telling her all we had seen and describing things in our own way, and then she would correct our mistakes and show us our letters, and I think she is saving them to this day. We got so we could write quite nice letters.

Lots of musical people came to the house, for the kind lady had a son who played beautifully on the 'cello and when he played, with a young lady who played on the piano, it was like the voice of someone singing, it was so sweet and human.

I remember one afternoon we were all in the pleasant drawing room listening to the music. There was a small balcony with long French windows opening from this room and I was sitting out there by myself, when one of the gentlemen of the company stepped out there to smoke.



When he saw me he said: "Pardon me, do you mind if I smoke?" And he meant it, too, and I was only six, but I shall remember that all my life. When I think of Berlin I always think of that balcony and the polite gentleman.

We spent one whole afternoon at the Zoo, which is one of the finest in the world, though it is not nearly so large as the one in London. Another afternoon father hired a big motor car with a chauffeur, and we drove out to Potsdam to see the Royal Palace, the home of the Kaiser, and all the beautiful buildings and grounds connected with it.

The shops in Berlin are wonderful, especially the toy shops, where we liked to roam around for hours just looking. I will tell more about the German toys a little later on.

## CHAPTER FOUR.

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### OLD DRESDEN.

THE SISTINE MADONNA. THE JAHR-MARKT.  
FAIRY TALES IN OPERA.

**O**UR month in Berlin passed very quickly. Father left us there before the month was over and went to Carlsbad, and we went a few days later to dear old Dresden. This is where we really settled down for a long stay, and I am sure mother was glad because she had all our packing to do, and in each place we visited there would be added a little more. Poor mother! About two days before we left a place she must begin packing. Edwin got toy soldiers from every country we visited, and he had a wonderful collection at the end of the year.

Our first day in Dresden was a very unpleasant one. The rain came down in tor-

rents and we none of us were able to go out of doors all day. I was a little homesick, because I knew mother was, and I usually feel the way she does about things. The second day was just about the same, but after that the skies got bright and everything was fresh and beautiful.

We took long street car rides for ten pfennigs (two and one-half cents) and we saw a great deal of the city in that way. The city is divided in two parts by the River Elbe, Altstadt and Neustadt, or Old Village and New Village, joined by four immense bridges. We lived in the Altstadt, and on this side of the river are the Royal Palace,—where lives the king of Saxony,—and the famous Green Vault, where the wonderful crown jewels and other rare treasures are kept.

Near by are the Royal Art Galleries, and one of the first things we did in Dresden was to go there, for mother wished me to see and remember the beautiful painting by Raphael, of the Sistine Madonna. It is in a room all by itself, though we walked through gallery after gallery to get to it, but when you get there it is like Heaven, it is so restful and beautiful. There is a long divan opposite the painting and one may sit there a minute or an hour and gaze at the picture; and it is always quiet there—some way no one feels like talking.

Father's birthday was in October, soon after we reached Dresden, and since he was alone in Carlsbad, mother and Edwin decided to go over and spend a day or two with him. Tante and I missed them, but we did lots of interesting things together while they were gone, and I had almost as much to tell



THE SISTINE MADONNA.  
(In the Dresden Gallery.)



my brother about Saxony when he came back, as he had to tell me about Austria.

A little boy who lived where we did took me to the American Sunday School and introduced me to the superintendent. He patted my head and said in a real pleasant voice: "Where are you from, my dear?" I said: "From America."

"Yes, I know that," said he, "but from what State?"

I knew the answer to that, too, and said very quickly: "The United States."

He smiled a little and did not ask any more questions.

Brother and I went every Sunday and saw many little American children who, like ourselves, were spending a few weeks, or months, or years, in old Dresden.

Finally it was decided to place me in a small private school there, where there were

just little German children, excepting one other little American girl whose name was "Patty." It was only a kindergarten, while at home I had been promoted to the second grade, but I learned much German and learned also to do beautiful weaving and was able to make pretty Christmas gifts for each one of the family. Of course, the kindly *Fraulein* helped me, but I did the most of it always. I carried a lunch to school, like all the other children, to eat at recess time, and I had a regular German lunch basket of woven straw hung from my shoulder by a strap.

At about this time father and mother went over to Vienna, in Austria, for a few days to meet some friends from home, and they were all going together to Buda-Pest. By this time we all felt almost like native Saxons, and could go all around everywhere.



We had made many friends, and I was in school every morning, and the weather was wonderful, and I wore short socks until January. At first the German children thought I was English, because English children wear the half-hose all winter, and they did not like me very well, but when they found I was just plain American, they liked me better. The Germans did not care for the English, even then, and now they care less, as we know.

Among the most interesting places we saw in Dresden were the big china factories, where the celebrated Dresden china is manufactured. When we were taken all through—and saw the way the beautiful china is made, from the very beginning to the very end—we could understand better, why the prices are so high. There is always someone who speaks good English in places like that,—for

many of their best customers are Americans. The man who went through the factory with us showed father his book of orders, in which he proudly pointed out the names of prominent and wealthy Americans signed to orders amounting to hundreds and hundreds of dollars,—and showed us many samples of the dishes they had purchased,—many of them bearing their monograms.

During December the operas, especially for the children, were given, beginning at five in the afternoon and ending at seven. We went to hear "Hansel and Gretel," and Edwin and I sat in the very front row. It was all in German and the music was beautiful, and it was all so real that when Hansel thrust the old witch into the oven after she had been so cruel to them, I just stood up and clapped my hands and said: "Goody—goody! Don't let her out!"

At another time we saw "Snow White"—which is the one where the wicked queen looks in her mirror and says:

*"Spieglein, Spieglein, on der Wand,  
Wer ist die Schonste im ganzen Land?"*

("Glass, glass, that hangs on the wall,  
Who in this world is the fairest of all?")

And the glass tells her that little Snow White who lives in the glen is the fairest of all. Then the Queen is so angry she tries to poison little Snow White, but she does not succeed, and all the whole wonderful story is acted out in singing, in German, and of course it all ends well, and they all live happily ever after.

Then there were others like "Red Riding Hood," and "Little Golden Locks," and it was like reading the fairy tales over and over again, only far more beautiful. I think Tante and Mutter enjoyed these afternoons

as much as brother and I did. I forgot to say that father had gone back to America on business soon after his return from Vienna, and we four were alone in Dresden.

About a week before Christmas the "Jahrmarkt" began. "Jahr" means year, and this was the yearly or annual market. A large open space down in the heart of the city was filled with tents and temporary stands covered with canvas; and peasants from far and near brought there to sell everything you can think of, from a horse to a penny doll.

We had been promised a small Christmas tree especially for us children and our dolls, and we bought ever so many things at the jahr-markt for it. I got the most wonderful doll-house furniture and cunning little dolls and doll carriages, and lots of things, and we had a fine time all that week, going around to the many stalls, spending a few pfennigs here and there.

Most of the toys were made by hand by the German peasants and in almost every home some special toy is made. For instance, one family, children and all, make Noah's arks, and nothing but that. Another makes toy tables and another dolls' chairs. They think the longer they work at one kind of toy, the faster they can make it, and the more money they can earn, so it seems foolish to them to spend their time trying to learn different things.

One afternoon brother begged to be allowed to go to the jahr-markt all alone to buy little Christmas gifts for us all, and though Dresden is a very large city of six hundred thousand people, and Edwin was only eight years old, it seemed so much safer to do some things there, than in any American city of the same size, mother said, and she allowed him to go. I remember he walked

both ways and was gone a long time and came back rather cold and tired, but laden with packages of all sizes, and very, very happy. In all he had spent about thirty-three cents, but had heaps of presents, which he hid away very carefully until Christmas.

The most disappointing part of all was that father could not be with us for the holiday season, and for a long time before Christmas I prayed every night that he would surprise us by coming Christmas eve, but he could not come, and it wasn't quite so happy a Christmas as the ones when he is with us.

## CHAPTER FIVE.

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### CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY.

A GERMAN CHRISTMAS-TREE.  
SOME WINTER SPORTS.

**W**E were in a *pension* something like the one in Berlin, and this, too, was conducted by a very lovely American lady. She wanted everybody to feel very happy always, but especially during the Christmas season, and to forget that they were not in their own homes.

There was much secrecy about the Christmas tree, and none of us children saw it until Christmas eve when the doors of the drawing room were opened, and there stood the beautiful thing in all its glory, and towering up to the ceiling. Around the base of the tree were five trays laden with gifts for the servants; gold pieces and books and gloves

and stollen, each tray bearing the name of the girl for whom it was intended. Before any of the rest of us got our presents the five pretty German maids came in and sang Christmas carols with very sweet voices, then they were given their trays and after wishing every one *Fröhliche Weihnachten!* (Merry Christmas), went away to their own Christmas tree to have a celebration of their own. After that, everyone exchanged gifts, and sang, and had a very jolly time.

One of the most beautiful things on the tree was a lovely little French dolly for me from the dear and beautiful lady whose home we were in that winter. She was dressed exquisitely from head to foot and the dear lady had made all the beautiful clothes herself, and even I, as little as I was, knew that it meant many, many hours of work. I named the dolly "Harriet," because



that was the name of the lady who gave her to me. I have loved her and played with her ever since, but she is the same dainty little Harriet, and all her tiny clothes are as dainty as ever. I am sure if the lady could see her now, she would know how much I have prized that Christmas gift.

The Germans have so many beautiful things for trimming Christmas trees, things that never seem to get to our country, and I shall always remember that wonderful *Christbaum* in Dresden. That night long after I was sound asleep in my bed, auntie and some of the others went down in the city to hear the Christmas carols sung from one of the old church steeples at midnight—an old, old German custom.

On Christmas morning everybody rushed about to each other's rooms to say Merry Christmas, but brother and I were very busy

with our stockings, which were full and running over. I was the only little girl in the house, and mother said she only hoped I wouldn't be totally spoiled because everybody was so good to me.

When we entered the dining room for our Christmas dinner, the first thing we noticed was a small Christmas tree filled with favors, on the large round table. The base of this tree was banked up to look like green moss, but it was really a round music box and when we were all seated, someone touched a spring and the tree began to go slowly around, and the music played "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht," and other pretty German carols, not loud, but just in a soft, tinkling way that sounded like birds. Then at our places were Christmas greetings on the covers of beautiful little booklets, and, on the inside of these, much to everybody's surprise,

were printed verses in rhyme about all the people in that dining room.

The Christmas dinner was a wonderful combination of the choicest American dishes and the choicest German dishes, and I remember hearing the grown-ups call it a "masterpiece," and I knew that meant something very nice.

On New Year's Day there was a little snow for the first time that winter. A few days later was Edwin's birthday, and when he awoke in the morning he found by his bed the little house of "Hansel and Gretel," all made of chocolate, with Hansel and Gretel standing by the door. What a temptation that was! But he kept it for several days and played with it with his soldiers, but finally he bit off the chimney and then he ate Gretel's head and arms and then he let me eat Hansel and at last we began nib-

bling on the roof, and before we knew it we had eaten the whole house. He had lots of presents for a boy whose birthday comes so soon after Christmas, and mother took him down town and had his picture taken, and he selected a box of beautiful Turkish soldiers to go with his collection. That afternoon he and another little American boy the same age, whose birthday was a few days earlier, had a few children in for ice cream and hot chocolate and a beautiful birthday cake.

The sixth of January is a holiday in Saxony, being "Twelfth Night," and after that, all the wreaths of holly and mistletoe and the Christmas trees and pine cones disappear.

On the seventh of January mother's diary says: "Put long stockings on Ruth, accompanied by loud protestations from her." I

think she must mean by that that I cried, for I did, very hard, and a very dapper old gentleman who was very fond of me and who called me the "prima donna" because I was always singing, heard my wails and came hurrying as fast as his rheumatic legs would carry him through the hall. We could hear his cane tapping and clicking along the floor and finally he rapped at mother's door, demanding to know why she was "punishing that child—as good a child as ever lived," he said, and he was "quite sure the baby did not deserve any such punishment as would make her cry like that." When mother could get a word in edgewise, she told him she was only changing my short socks for long stockings and that I rebelled against the change. He looked a little taken back and muttering something about being mistaken he turned away to go

to his room, his cane tap-tapping down the hallway.

It began to be winter in earnest now that it had a good start, and the ground was covered with snow and the ice was firm and smooth. Brother and I went often to the *Sports-platz* near our house, a big pond of ice where you could rent a sled like a chair and with runners that curled up in front and back like a Russian sleigh, and a handle in the back like a baby carriage. Brother would skate behind and push me and it was great fun. Tante often came here to skate, too, and we had many a jolly hour in the fine, frosty air.

Another fine place to skate was the Carola See, in the Grosser Garten, a beautiful park connected with the Dresden Zoo. It was here the King of Saxony came with his children, the little princes and princesses, to skate, and we often saw them.

I was so disappointed that the King was not wearing his beautiful jeweled crown, which we had seen among the court jewels in the Green Vault, and when I said so to my brother, he said how did I suppose the King could cut all those fine "figure eights" with a crown on, and how would I like to try to skate with a crown on, anyway? So I did not ask any more questions about it, but decided again, just as I had when we saw King George and Queen Mary in Edinburgh, that Kings and Queens look very much like un-royal people after all.

There were wonderful long hills for coasting, too, and auntie and brother often went, but I didn't like that so well, it was such a wild dash down and such a long walk up.

The days went by very quickly, and as soon as father got back from America, we said good-bye to all our dear friends in Dresden and left early one morning for the quaint old city of Nuremberg.

## CHAPTER SIX.

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### IN NÜREMBERG.

NÜREMBERG CASTLE AND THE APOSTLE CLOCK.  
FEEDING THE DOVES IN MUNICH.  
THROUGH THE BAVARIAN  
ALPS INTO VERONA.

**T**HERE were many interesting things to see in this quaint old city in a very short time, and the night we got there we went to bed very early to get a good rest and be ready for sight seeing the next day.

The first thing we saw when we looked out of the windows was the old wall of stone built entirely around the city centuries ago. We could see plainly the thickness of it from our rooms in the hotel, and could see the little shelves by the small latticed openings, or peep-holes, where the guards used to sit to see if the enemy were in sight in times of war. In times of peace, such as it was when



we were there, the massive old gates of the city were left open and people could go and come as they pleased.

The first morning we spent in and around the old castle. It was surrounded by a deep moat, which is a trench dug very deep and wide and containing several feet of water, so that no one from the outside could get close to the castle. There was a drawbridge that worked from the castle side of the moat, and they put that across only when they wished to allow someone to pass in or out.

Before we went into the castle, though, we stopped to see the famous old well, supposed to be the deepest in the world. A woman who was there to tell visitors about it, said she would drop a pebble down and we should count the number of seconds before the stone touched the water. We counted six very slowly before we heard the

splash. Then she uncoiled hundreds of feet of cord, and with a lighted candle fastened to the end, she let that down into the well. We all leaned over the edge to watch and it seemed as though it would never reach the water. She told how many years and how many men it had taken to dig the well, but I can't remember that now, and mother's diary does not tell.

We then went in to what is called the Five-cornered Tower, where hundreds of instruments of torture used in olden times were to be seen. It is a scarey place and I did not like it very well. The worst torture of all must have been from the huge figure called the *Jung Frau* or "Iron Woman." This was just large enough to hold a man standing inside, and the front opened and the prisoner was thrust inside, which was filled with sharp iron spikes, and then the doors were

closed and the torture began. Brother and I have a small model of the terrible thing. It is the principal souvenir of Nüremberg, sold in all the shops. When we saw what dreadful things there were in the tower, mother said we had better get out into God's fresh air and sunshine and buy some of the delicious *lebkuchen* to eat, and forget the terrible things that happened those hundreds of years ago.

I cannot remember very much about the rest of the castle, but I remember the wonderful apostle clock in the tower of one of the churches in the town—the Frauen Kirche. You might think it was just a plain, ordinary clock such as you see in lots of steeples if you didn't happen to be there at the right time.

Twelve o'clock noon is the right time and wonderful things happen then. Beautiful

life-like figures of the twelve apostles come out one by one as the clock strikes twelve, and they walk on a ledge around the clock several times, and finally the apostle Peter comes out alone, and then we hear the cock crow, and Peter disappears. It is very interesting and every day at twelve there are many people gathered in front of the old Frauen Kirche, waiting to see the march of the apostles.

The toy stores of Nüremberg are like nothing else one can possibly imagine, unless one can picture a visit to Santa Claus Land, where thousands and thousands of toys must be stacked up ready to be distributed at the proper time. There are more toys manufactured in Nüremberg than any other city in the world, and I am sure they must have samples of every toy that was ever made, in one big shop we visited. Ed-

win and I would like to have spent days and days in this old city, but we were having much cold, stormy weather now, and father thought it best to travel slowly along on our way to Italy, as there were many places we were to visit before we finally reached Florence.

It is only a three hours' ride, mother's diary says, from Nürnberg to Munich, and we reached there in a blinding snow storm on the very last day of January. The hotel was very comfortable and we were glad it was pleasant, because we had to stay inside for two days on account of the storm. We wrote letters, and read, and played, and drew pictures, and finally on the third day it stopped snowing and we could go out and see the sights.

Father and mother had been here before, so they knew what Edwin and I would enjoy

the most, and one of the first things we did was to go to the Odean Platz, to see the changing of the guards and to hear the music and feed the pigeons. These do not sound as though they belonged in the same sentence, but they do, as they all happen in the same place. Hundreds of pigeons flew around us for the corn we had brought to feed them, and perched on our arms, and hands, and shoulders, and even on our heads. Mother took some pictures of us and said it reminded her of St. Mark's Square (Piazzo San Marco) in Venice, where the pigeons gather around the visitors in the same way. Also, she says, there is a mosque in Constantinople called the Pigeon Mosque (Mosque Bayazid) where, in the large open patio, or court, are hundreds and hundreds of the pretty birds, just as tame as the San Marco doves in Venice, and knowing they will be

fed by the visitors who go there daily. But this story is not to tell of what mother has seen—only what I have seen, so I must leave out things about Venice and Constantinople.

One day we visited the picture galleries, the one called the New Gallery, because it is filled almost entirely with modern paintings. More bronzes are manufactured in Munich than in any place in the world and the man at one of the largest factories said that for years and years they had more orders for bronzes of Abraham Lincoln than any other figure. That pleased us, of course, as the man knew it would, and he showed us lots of orders ready to ship to the United States, figures and busts of great Americans, but I cannot remember a single one of them now, only Lincoln. Perhaps I remembered that better because his birthday happened while we were in Munich, but of course the man in

the bronze factory didn't know about that. Father and mother had friends in Munich and they went to many places where Edwin and I did not go. I remember one was the Café Luitpold, where they went almost every afternoon for coffee, but it was very cold that week and many times we were happier in our rooms at the hotel.

From Munich we went to Verona, riding all day from nine in the morning until eight at night, through very beautiful mountain scenery, the Bavarian Alps, and right across a corner of Austria (you can see by the map), into Italy. The one great point of interest in Verona is the Roman Amphitheatre, which father said was in much better condition than the Coliseum in Rome, which we were to see in a few weeks.

The one in Verona was built in the third century, and large enough to hold seventy



thousand people, twenty thousand of them seated. Every row of seats is still unbroken, but in the corridors are blacksmith shops, wagon making, etc. It seemed very odd to see them, but it surely is much better to use the old arena for peaceful things like shoeing horses and mending wagons than the terrible scenes people went to see in the olden times.

Most of the scenes of "Romeo and Juliet" were laid in Verona, and really happened there. The grave of Juliet is pointed out by the guides, and, of course, many people would not think of leaving Verona without visiting her resting place, though we did not go.

There is a very large garrison just outside the city at the foot of the Alps, and all around on the neighboring hills we could see large forts. The city is so poor and shabby, it

does not look as though it needed so many fortifications. Soldiers are everywhere about the streets and I think perhaps that keeping so many soldiers, and forts, and things is what makes the city so poor.

Our next stop would have been Venice, on our way to Florence, but it was then the rainy season, and father decided there would be not only very little pleasure in going there then, but much discomfort. It was a long ride to reach Florence, but it was beautiful all the way, except when we were going through tunnels, of which there are nearly a hundred on this journey through the Apennine mountains, often called the Italian Alps.

We would be riding along serenely, and admiring some beautiful bit of scenery when, without any warning, we would dart into one of these tunnels, and be plunged in utter blackness until we reached the end. Then

we would blink, and look out of the car windows, and try to get used to the bright light of the sky, when presto! we would be whirled into another long tube, and darkness again.

I like to take my globe and trace with my finger just where we went all that year abroad. I remember on this ride to Florence from Verona, we went through a city called "Bologna." Edwin and I thought that was a funny name for a city.

## CHAPTER SEVEN.

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### FLORENCE.

THE CITY OF FLOWERS. PONTE VECCHIO.  
THE CARNIVAL.

**W**E were all glad when the long ride was ended, and we arrived at the station in Florence. Our trunks were loaded on a low, two-wheeled cart and pushed through the streets by a porter, and our suitcases and bags, and Edwin's boxes of soldiers, and my boxes of German dolls and toys from the Jahr-markt, and ourselves, were piled into two small open cabs, and away we flew over the cobble-stone pavements to the quiet family hotel on the Via Palestro, which was to be our home during our stay in Florence.

We caused quite a sensation as we rolled up to the entrance, with all our grips and boxes and things, and father said all we really lacked was a bird-cage, and mother

said she thought our arrival was spectacular enough as it was.

But we soon settled down comfortably, and it seemed to us all that the sun was a little brighter, the skies a little bluer, and the flowers a little gayer, than any sun or skies or flowers we had ever seen anywhere. I suppose it's of no use for a little girl to try to tell anything about that part, because anyone who has ever been in Italy knows all about the wonderful blue of the sky, and the flowers, and the sunshine, and those who have not been there would much rather read a grown-up's description of it, but I just had to tell how like fairyland it looked to me.

We were only a little way from the River Arno, which divides the city something like the Elbe does in old Dresden, and a favorite promenade for everybody is the broad walk along the river's bank.

On the opposite side of the narrow street, facing the river, are dozens and dozens of shops, and fine hotels and private villas. Several bridges cross the Arno, but the most interesting one, and the one we used the oftenest was the old Ponte Vecchio, which is shown so often in pictures of Florence.

There are ever so many little jewelry shops on both sides of this bridge all the way over, and we would forget we were walking across a river, we would be so interested in watching the shop-keepers trying to sell their wares, and customers bartering for some trinket, always offering less than the price asked, which everybody does in Italy. Auntie never liked to do this, and was always so afraid she might offend them by seeming to doubt that the first price asked was not just as low as they could possibly take, but she got over that a little, after awhile.

The name Florence in Italian is "*Firenza*," meaning "flowers," and I think those who live there want people to always remember that, because there are so many flowers everywhere. You cannot walk a block in any direction without seeing a flower merchant at the curb, sometimes an old man or woman, sometimes only a brown-eyed, curly-haired child, with bare feet and ear-rings, almost always ear-rings. For a few pennies one could buy the loveliest bouquets of violets and mignonette and roses, and even the children seem to know without any teaching, just how to arrange them to make them look the prettiest, and when the money was paid them they would say, "*Grazia, Signore!*" or "*Grazia, Signora!*" so earnestly, as though we had done them a very great favor. Father said the flowers would be more plentiful as we journeyed farther south, as it was then

only February, and still quite cool in Florence, but I did not see how there could be many more anywhere, nor any more beautiful.

It was interesting to compare the Italian money with the German, which we had been using for six months. The smallest coins of all are centessimi, and it takes five of them to equal one American cent. The twenty centime piece looks like our "nickel," and is the value of four cents. The Italian lira looks like our "quarter," but is worth twenty cents in our money and represents one hundred centissimi.

The purest Italian is spoken in Florence of any city in Italy, and those who wish to learn to speak the language properly and free from dialect, like to go there for study. It is in the heart of Tuscany, in the valley surrounded by mountains, and if one were



looking at it from a balloon or an airship, high up above the city, it must have the appearance of a great amphitheatre, like the one in Verona, only ever and ever so much larger, of course, with the mountains all around it to represent the seats. To get to any place out of Florence it is necessary to climb a hill, but the view from the top, no matter which hill, is always worth the climb.

Brother and I used to roam around through the narrow old streets, not too far from the hotel, and look into windows and doorways of little shops and work-rooms, and one of our favorite places was a big room that looked like a barn, with wide doors that were always open, and inside these were ever so many men wearing long smocks, working on pieces of marble statuary, which would afterward be shown in the expensive art shops along the Arno.

It was interesting to see them begin on a block of the beautiful white marble, first with big, bold strokes, and later with fine, careful ones, hew off a corner here, or chisel out a bit there, until it began to take shape, and seem almost like something alive, and perhaps, if a few days passed by between our visits to the workroom, we would see sometimes a finished figure, and the sculptor would look up from his work and nod and smile at us, and say something in Italian which we could not understand.

We learned that this beautiful white marble that all the lovely pieces are made of, was the Carrara marble from the city of Carrara, Italy, and that no where else in the world can this particular kind be found.

One time father took us into a place where the men were making beautiful furniture and carving all the pieces by hand. The

workmen are artists in their particular crafts, and are so patient as they work away for hours, over the beautiful carved arm of a chair, perhaps, or an elaborate claw-foot. So very much work is done by hand over there that is turned out in large quantities by machinery in America.

We enjoyed watching the silver and goldsmiths, also, and many times during our stay in Florence, we wended our way across the rickety old Ponte Vecchio to Coppini's, on the other side of the river, to watch the men at their delicate work and sometimes buy of their wares. This was the place where father bought a beautiful old hand-made gold necklace of sapphires and pearls for mother's birthday, and proudly presented it to her when he returned to the hotel.

I remember she wore it that night at dinner, but she discovered one little place in the

gold that was rough, and needed to be filed down, so the next morning right after breakfast, father put the necklace in his pocket, and started back across the bridge to the little shop to have it attended to. When he got there, alas! the lovely trinket was not in his pocket, nor anywhere to be found, and that was the last we ever heard of it, though father advertised for a long time in the papers, and offered a reward.

We were all glad we happened to be in Florence the week of the Carnival, for then we had a chance to see the Florentines at play. The word "carnival" means "Farewell to meat," and this is the great festival of Italy, and always held during the week before the beginning of Lent. All the days, except Sunday and Friday, are given up to merry-making and feasting, but the very last day is the gayest of all. On that day we

went out in an open carriage to see as much of the fun and frolic as possible. Old and young alike entered into the merry-making, and nearly everyone was *en masque*.

The streets were filled with carriages, and the sidewalks were lined with people. The houses were decked with bright colored bunting and banners, and from the balconies were hung bright rugs and strips of carpet, and anything that would make color. Every balcony held a gay party who took part in the fun by throwing bags of confetti and long streamers of serpintini down on the people in carriages and on the sidewalks below. Flowers were everywhere, and people were good-naturedly pelting each other with the blossoms.

Nearly everyone comes to Florence to see palaces and pictures, and we went often to the two greatest galleries, Pitti Palace and

Uffizzi, where we were sure to see not only paintings, but hundreds of tourists, who went along with their guide-books in their hands, reading earnestly, and some of them so busy with their catalogues that they did not see the pictures at all. When we would be too tired to go another step we just sat down and watched the people, and that was almost as interesting as the paintings themselves.

In the Uffizzi Gallery the chief treasure is the Venus de Medici, and I remember mother particularly wanted me to see that, but the miles and miles of paintings and other statuary I cannot remember much about. I do remember the long, covered passage a quarter of a mile long, which connects the Uffizzi Gallery with the Pitti Palace, on the other side of the Arno, because the grown-ups explained to me that we were again walking

across the old Ponte Vecchio, and that all those funny little jewelry shops were on the bridge below us, as we wandered along looking at pictures.

I think I must have been too small to remember the things about places that you read in books, and yet when mother and I talk things over together, she will say, "And do you remember such and such a place?" or ask me about some particular thing that happened. I can sometimes remember things even she has forgotten, but, of course, not the names of paintings or statuary or anything like that. Perhaps when I am older I can.

About the best times of all in Florence were the days we went out to the *Villa il Gioiello* (The Jewel), a wonderful old Italian home, where our cousins have lived for seven years. It was one of the oldest of the palaces,

and was built in 1450, long before Columbus had even thought of starting out to discover America. Perhaps he was not even born then. I must ask somebody when Columbus was born, though that really has nothing to do with telling about Florence.

The first time we went to *Il Gioiello* we went in a motor cab, because we did not know just how to get there, but nearly always we walked, uphill all the way, as all the lovely places are around Florence—San Miniato, Vallombrosa, Fiesole—and it was beautiful every step of the way.

The villa itself stands in a beautiful old olive grove, and surrounded by a high stone wall. It seemed like a glimpse of fairyland when the gates were swung back in answer to our ring, and we got the first view of the garden. Here were more flowers—thickets of roses, and trellises, and rustic benches,







IN AN ITALIAN GARDEN. (FLORENCE.)

and olive and orange trees, and old Italian water jars, which had been in that garden for hundreds of years.

A beautiful silver-haired lady in a trailing gown of lavender satin, and a lace shawl around her shoulders, proved to be the Queen Fairy of this lovely old place and made the picture quite complete, mother said afterward. She was my grandfather's cousin, and a very dear and lovely hostess on that and other occasions. My first tea drinking began there, for mother could not be so hard-hearted as to forbid me, when all the others were having such a beautiful time around the open fire with their tea-cups.

Speaking of the open fire makes me think of the funny little charcoal burners they have in Italy. They are called *scaldini* (but not because they are ever scalding hot) and are small earthen vessels, with a handle, and

a wire screen over the top. The burning charcoal is placed inside and smoulders away slowly, giving out very little heat, but many times all the heat there is in an Italian room. It must look odd to see a whole family trying to get warm by one of these. My cousin gave me a tiny one to take home, and I have it in my doll-house.

The days and weeks flew past all too quickly, and one morning we held a council of war, and decided that since we must leave Florence sometime, it would be better to get to Rome ahead of the crowds that always go there for Easter Sunday, which was to be on the seventh of April that year. So we packed up again, and the caravan started for the station, with several dear Italian friends who had helped to make our stay in Florence so delightful, to see us off.

## CHAPTER EIGHT.

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### ROME.

THE COLISEUM. BORGHESE GARDENS.  
ON THE SPANISH STEPS.

**I**T is a beautiful ride all the way from Florence to Rome, and the six-hour journey seemed even too short. The vineyards and wheat fields are all mixed in together, and here and there are clumps of mulberry trees, and everywhere the lovely scarlet poppy, which grows wild in that south land. We passed great yoked oxen plodding along the road, and often would see what looked from a little distance exactly like an animated hay-stack moving along the highway, but if we looked closely, and had a front view, a donkey's head could be discovered. A back view was nothing but hay.

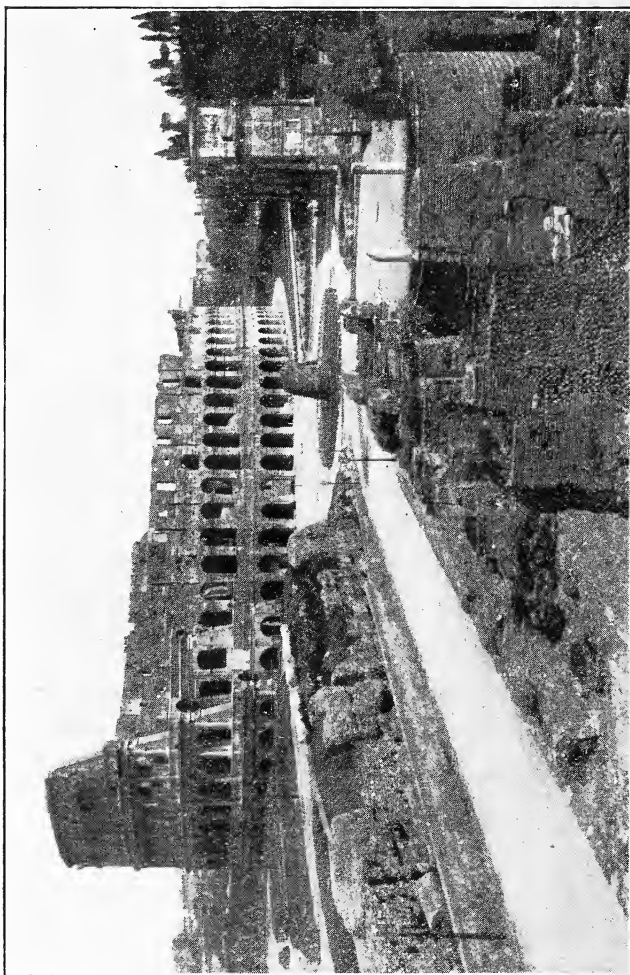
There were ever so many of the big two-wheeled wine carts, piled high with casks of

native wine, and a happy-go-lucky driver, usually asleep, somewhere on the pile. The one horse that pulled the cart might be having a very hard time of it, and look dejected and sorrowful, excepting for some gay and festive decorations that would be sure to be somewhere about his harness.

That night at seven we reached Rome, and at first we all felt a little homesick, but the next day we began to get accustomed to the new order of things, and made up our minds we should soon be as happy there as we had been in dear old Florence. That was on Sunday, and it rained all day, so we rested, but on Monday morning the skies were clear and the sun was shining, and we started off for the Coliseum.

It was just like we had imagined it to be from the pictures, and brother and I played "hide and seek" in and out of the old arena,





COLISEUM AT ROME.



and through the walled cages where, in the olden times, the wild beasts had been kept until they were let loose into the arena for the battle with the early martyrs. It must have been terrible, but it was very hard to feel solemn about it then, so many hundreds of years after. Mother took several pictures of us, and bye and bye we were tired and went home.

Only a little way from our hotel were the Borghese Gardens, a beautiful place to drive or walk or play, and we very often went there with our books, or our paper and pencils to sketch. The Borghese Villa and gallery is in one corner of the grounds, and some beautiful works of art are there for the public to see.

For a long time brother and I could not spell "Borghese" (it is pronounced as though it were spelled "Borgezy"), so when we

wanted to go there, and there was no one around to ask if we might go, we would leave a little note pinned on mother's curtain where she would be sure to see it, "Have gone to the 'B' gardens," then would sign our names. In that way we all of us, grown-ups, too, got to calling it the "B" gardens, and usually speak of them in that way even now. There is what is called a *lateria* in the park, where we could get the most delicious fresh milk at little tables out under the trees, and it was perfectly safe for us to roam around by ourselves for hours at a time. We often had our lessons out there, though there were so many interesting things happening all the time that it was not so easy to keep our minds on our books.

Rome is so modern and prosperous looking compared with Florence, and the difference is something like that between Berlin

and old Dresden in Germany. The principal street is called the Corso, and it is there one sees the best shops, the gayest crowds, the most stylish carriage and the narrowest sidewalks. We spent many hours at the Forum on different days, and after the first time we did not take a guide because we had little books that told all about everything.

At a little shop just outside the entrance to the Forum we bought some Roman lamps. They were supposed to be hundreds of years old, but father said they had undoubtedly been manufactured within the past two years and had been kept buried to give them the old look. He said there were not many real antiquities any more, excepting in museums, and that the majority of those offered for sale in the quaint little "antique" shops in Rome were freshly made.

One of the places where we loved to go was the Piazza de Spagna, at the Spanish

steps. Father was right about the flowers, and it seemed as though there were just mountains of them in that square. It was there the artist's models gathered; sunning themselves on the steps and waiting to be selected for posing. They were not at all backward about offering their services to anyone who looked their way, and even we, who had only a camera, were begged to allow them to pose for pictures, and they looked so picturesque and would adopt such graceful attitudes, that it was not easy to resist them.

But mother had little live models of her own, and took a number of pictures of us, while the little Italian models stood watching. Sometimes they would run along by my side and say, "Spik Englees, Signorina!" meaning they could speak English, but usually "Spik Englees" was about all they could say.

A few days before Easter Sunday, we found among our mail at the hotel, letters for each of us exactly alike, and addressed in a handwriting we had never seen before. Inside each envelope was a printed card bearing the words in English, "THE SEVEN POSTMEN WISH YOU A HAPPY EASTER!" They were from the seven carriers who brought mail to the hotel, and we thought what a beautiful little compliment they had paid to us whom they had probably never seen, and mother said, "Isn't it touching?" and father said, "Yes, very," in a dry sort of way, and just then we noticed he was sorting out some one-franc pieces, which he later left with the *concierge* at the desk in an envelope addressed to the seven postmen.

If everyone in the hotel returned the postmen's greetings as father did, there must have been a very happy Easter for them and their little *bambinos*.

In Italy babies or young children are called *bambinos* and sometimes mother called me that, and I liked it, but I was very proud when the flower girls and shop-keepers and the waiters at the hotel called me *Signorina*. It always made me feel so grown-up, like when the man on the balcony in Berlin asked me if he might smoke.

## CHAPTER NINE.

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### HOLY WEEK IN ROME.

IN ST. PETER'S. CATACOMBS OF SAN SEBASTIAN.  
A BIRTHDAY PARTY IN ROME.

**T**HERE were thousands of strangers in Rome at this time who had come for Palm and Easter Sundays, and the churches were filled with them for many days. But in St. Peter's, the most wonderful cathedral in the world, there might be hundreds and hundreds of people walking about or kneeling at prayer, and scarcely be noticed at all, it is so large. Even the many chapels opening out of the main body of the church are as large as most churches in themselves, and we walked and walked, it seemed for miles, to get from one end of the place to the other.

Father called our attention to a painting of St. Luke high up on the ceiling. He holds

a pen in his hand and some scrolls of ancient manuscript. The ceiling is so far away from us that the figure of St. Luke looks to be the size of an ordinary man and the pen just like anyone would use, but in reality the pen in the painting measures seven feet long!

There is a large statue of St. Peter in bronze near the center of the cathedral and it is on a pedestal just high enough for people to reach the foot of the statue with their lips. In fact, it has been kissed for so many hundreds of years, and by so many thousands of people, who have come to worship, that the toe of the right foot has had to be replaced several times, and the one we saw was badly worn down. Little children were not tall enough to reach, but were held up in the arms of someone older, so that they, too, might reverently touch their lips to the foot of the saint.



On Palm Sunday we were there to see the blessing of the palms by the Pope, and the wonderful procession that was a part of the ceremony. Two days later we drove out the Appian Way to St. Paul's Cathedral, and stopped on the way at the tomb of St. Cecelia, and the Catacombs of San Sebastian. We went down a steep, cold stairway under the church and were all given wax tapers which made the only light there was in the fearsome place. A monk acted as our guide, and we followed him through the winding passages, among the burial places of the early Christians.

I did not like it down there under the ground, and mother noticed I was very quiet, and then she asked the monk to guide us back to the stairway, and she and I climbed up and out into the beautiful daylight and fresh air, and we went back to the

carriage, and sat there and ate cherries which a pretty Italian woman was selling, and were comfortable and safe and happy, while the others explored those catacombs as long as they wished. Mother decided she would not take me to any more places like that, and on the way home, when we stopped at a Protestant cemetery, I waited in the carriage while the grown-ups went inside the gates, to see the grave of the poet Shelley.

Easter Sunday, mother's diary says, was "a perfect day." Father took us all to St. Peter's again, where we heard the most wonderful singing, though we could not see the singers. Some of the voices were the clear, high soprano that rang through that vast place like the voice of some wonderful bird, and we thought we would like very much to see the women who could sing such beautiful clear notes. Afterward we were

told that no woman has ever sung in St. Peter's, and that the voices we heard were those of men sopranos who always sang on great occasions like that.

At six o'clock that night we went to another church to hear the singing of the "Blue Nuns," and their voices were sweet, and beautifully blended, but none so strong and powerful as those we had heard that morning in the great cathedral.

On my birthday, which happened while we were in Rome, we had quite a grand celebration. Some very dear friends from our own country were there at the same hotel, and all the grown-ups but mother went in the afternoon to the "Rag Fair," which is held every year and is something like the "Jahr-Markt" in Dresden.

While they were gone, mother and I made place-cards for my birthday dinner that

night, for there were to be ten at the table, and it was to be like a real party excepting that brother and I were to be the only little folks. I had ever so many beautiful gifts during the day, and mother took a picture of me on the balcony off our rooms, reading one of my birthday books, to show just how I looked when I was seven years old.

That night the ladies all wore their prettiest gowns, and the gentlemen were in evening dress, and I had on my very best embroidered frock, over pink, that mother had made in Florence, and we had a very festive table decked with flowers, and candles with pink shades, and there were place cards for each of us in rhyme, and we read those aloud, and had a very jolly time.

I can't remember a single thing we had to eat, excepting the ice cream and cake, and oh, the cake—the most wonderful birthday

cake I have ever seen! It was very large and had on it rosebuds made of sugar, and green leaves, and then in beautiful pink letters on the white frosting it said, "Happy Days to Ruth."

It was almost too beautiful to cut, and I, almost too excited to cut it, but brother and I blew out the candles, all but the life one (for, of course, we left that burning as long as it would) and the waiter gave me a big, silver knife that was almost like a sword and I began dividing my lovely Roman birthday cake.

That night I was allowed to remain up much later than usual and we sat visiting in the salon we called the "Throne Room" because it had so many beautiful high-backed, gold chairs that looked like thrones.

After we had gone up to our rooms, I ran to the balcony to see how it looked out of

doors so late at night, and heard the strains of a mandolin and guitar. There were two men, and a little girl about my age (who should have been in bed two hours before). Both men were playing, one was singing, and the little girl was picking up coins that were thrown from windows and balconies.

They sang "Santa Lucia," which we had learned in Florence, and "O Sole Mia," which we all loved, and it seemed as though they stood down there on the pavement below us, singing and playing so sweetly, just because it was my birthday and this was all a part of the celebration. So I went to bed quite happy that night and with sweet memories of my birthday in Rome which would never leave me.

We were in Rome six weeks, but did not grow as fond of it as we had of dear old

Florence, with its narrow streets and its dingy old shops. However, we went away hoping we would be there again some day and were so sorry we had forgotten to toss a coin in the Fountain of Trevi and drink of the water, for the saying is that whoever does this just before leaving will surely return to Rome some time. We all hope that the charm does not work both ways, and that those who do not visit the fountain and drink of the water will never visit Rome again.

## CHAPTER TEN.

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### NAPLES AND CAPRI.

A TRIP TO POMPEII. THE BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF CAPRI.

**I**T was now the last of April, and our next journey was to Naples (*La bella Napoli*, the Italians lovingly call it) on the Bay. This was different from any city we had seen in all our travels. Father said one of the principal places of interest there was the National Museum, where nearly all of the relics of Pompeii were preserved, but he thought it would be more interesting for us to see Pompeii first and the relics afterwards. Accordingly, we made the trip to Pompeii by train a few days after our arrival, and I am sure I was too small to appreciate it at all, so all the money father spent on me that day was just wasted. To



me it looked like the Roman Forum, only much larger, and it was hard to imagine that old Vesuvius, looking so peaceful over there in the distance, with a soft, hazy cloud over the summit, could work such destruction. All the real treasures of Pompeii are in the Naples Museum, and we visited there a few days later.

Father took us to the Aquarium in Naples, but I did not think it was any more interesting than the one in our own home city, excepting that there was a huge octopus in a tank, with a hundred arms and legs reaching out in all directions, and he looked so fierce we were glad enough that he could not get at us. There was a pleasant park near our hotel and often brother and I went over there and had rides in the little wagons drawn by goat teams, at twenty centimes a ride.

There were more beggars in Naples than any city we had seen; singing beggars and whining beggars, and crippled beggars and blind beggars, and just plain beggars. They were everywhere. They would dive from the dock or small boats for coins tossed in the water; they would hobble along by our carriage if we were driving, and beg for coppers; they swarmed on the steps of the churches, and made life a burden for anyone passing by.

One morning we got up very early, and leaving our heaviest trunks at the hotel, we set out for the Isle of Capri. From the Santa Lucia dock, only a short distance from our hotel, we were taken in small rowboats to the little wobbly steamer that makes the trip once a day to the Island. It was very crowded and very uncomfortable, but the scenery is beautiful as we steamed out

across the Bay of Naples in the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and we could almost (but not quite) forget the discomfort and smells of that little steamer.

It is only a short distance, but the Gulf of Naples can be very rough, and the ride seem very long. We were transferred to small rowboats again on reaching the Isle of Capri, and the first sounds to greet our ears, after the calls of the Italian boatmen had died down a little, were the cries of the swarms of coral vendors on the quay—men, women and children. Father said that little, if any, of it was real coral, and that it was made by the ton in Germany, and fashioned into beads, so we did not buy any of it there.

But we were not at Capri yet, even though we had landed on the island, and to reach the town itself we had to take a very steep cable railway where the engine pushes instead of pulls. All the way up that

mountain we went into raptures over the masses of flowers to be seen everywhere, and when we reached the top and walked the short distance to the hotel, it seemed like one great garden all around us.

When we looked out across the Mediterranean from the balcony of our rooms it scarcely seemed real, there was so much beauty everywhere. We must have been there at exactly the right time of year to see the island at its best, because it surely could not have been more beautiful nor the weather more perfect.

The second day after our arrival at Capri we went back down the odd little cog-wheel railway to the boat landing place, where we engaged small boats for the trip to the Blue Grotto. Most of those Italian boatmen are able to speak a little English, and the arrangements always have to be made before

the trip begins, or there is quite likely to be trouble afterwards. So our bargains were made and we started out, and keeping close to the rocky shore we soon reached the rock of the Blue Grotto.

At first we could see nothing but rock rising up out of the water, then the boatman very carefully steered toward a tiny arch, which looked to us about large enough for a fair sized cat to crawl through, but when we got close to it, by all of us almost lying flat in the boat, the narrow little craft could just slip through the opening.

We were then in the famous Blue Grotto, and it was no longer necessary to remain in the bottom of the boat, for there was plenty of room over our heads to sit up straight or even stand, if we wished, and the ceilings and walls of that wonderful cave are of that brilliant blue which gives the grotto its name.

The water looks like silver, and when we put our hands in they seemed to turn to silver. A young Italian boy in bathing trunks was diving from a ledge in the rock, and he, too, turned to silver in that magic water. It reminded us children of the story of King Midas, where everything he touched turned to gold.

We could not linger too long in that fairy-like place, for if the wind changes suddenly the water rises and the tiny opening at the mouth of the cave is filled up, and there is no way to escape until the wind veers about and the sea goes down. The boatman showed us some hard biscuits he had stored away in the boat to prove to us that we would not die of hunger if we were caught by the rising water, and pointed to the fresh cold water trickling through the crevices of the ceiling from the rocks above, to show

that neither would we die of thirst, but we decided we had enjoyed it long enough, and again we drifted out through that little doorway into the big world outside.

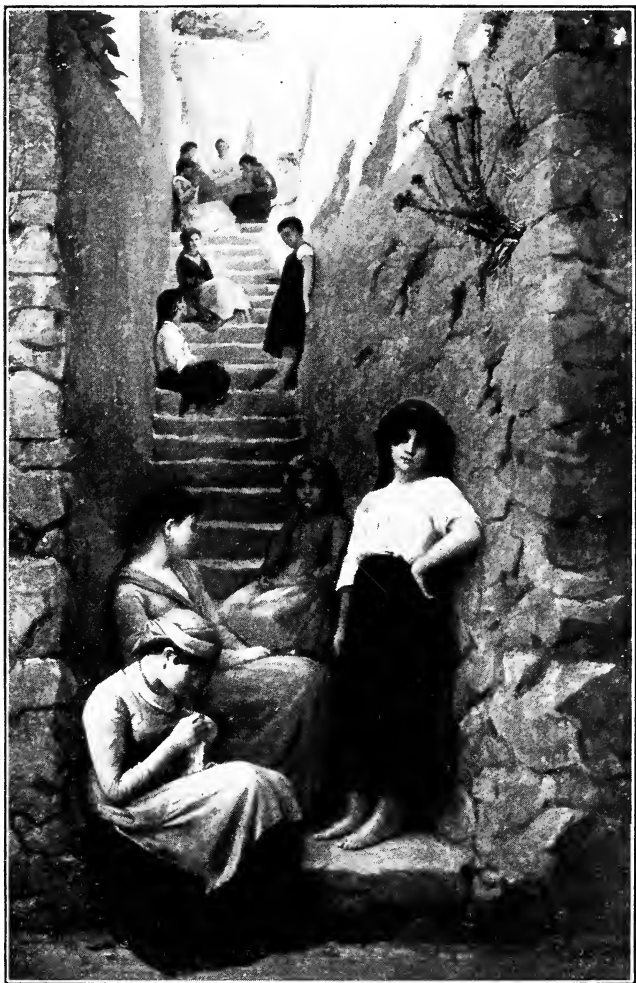
On another day we walked to the old ruins of Tiberius, climbing a little higher as we went along, until finally we reached the top. The view from here is the most wonderful we had had anywhere, and we all agreed it was worth the climb. By the time we reached home again our arms were so filled with wild flowers, which we had gathered on the way, that we had a hard time finding places to put them all.

We learned that the native Islanders do not often patronize the cog-wheel railway, to go up and down the mountain side. There are long flights of steps cut in the rock, and so steep it makes one dizzy to look down them, and up and down there the care-

free natives, with bare feet and happy faces, run many times a day. The flowers grow in such profusion that they even poke their bright heads through the crevices of the rocks, and in the picture called "On the Steps at Capri," one may see the blossoms springing gaily from what looks like solid rock, as if to vie in beauty with the lovely faces of the children. Mother often wondered if the children knew what pretty faces they had, or what beautiful pictures they made, as they posed unconsciously in those picturesque surroundings. Truly, they are like lovely wild flowers themselves, and are in the proper setting on that sunny isle.

There are ever so many beautiful walks and drives, and every day we could go in a different direction, and see something new. There was no thought of lessons or study here, and mother seemed quite willing that





ON THE STEPS AT CAPRI.



we should roam around like little gypsies, brother and I, filling our lungs with fresh air, and our hearts and minds with love of the beautiful in Nature.

Father and mother both said they believed there was some magic potion, either in the water we drank or in the air we breathed that just made people happy and lazy and sort of "don't care" and father said once, when he was idling on the terrace of the hotel, and looking off across the blue of the Mediterranean, that he just could not bring to his mind a picture of the big, bustling work-a-day world where he belonged. Edwin and I thought it would be very nice to just stay right there and live happily ever after, like in fairy stories, and we suggested it to father, but he smiled and shook his head, and said we must soon begin to think of sailing for America, and to sail for America we

must get back to Naples. So one day, almost with tears in our eyes, we said *Addio* to that wonderful garden spot, and boarded the same little tippy steamer for the main land.

If this were a really, truly diary, I suppose I would have to tell the truth, dreadful as it might be, about that three-hour journey back to Naples. Mother says there is no need of going into details, so I will only say that it was very, very rough, and everyone was very quiet, and I remember they looked like people do when a flash-light picture is being taken; when that greenish light flares up. We almost forgot how we had loved Capri,—and we met a dear little Irish boy, named Pat, on the steamer,—and he felt that way too.

We were all glad when we came into the harbor and found the little boats waiting to take us in to the dock. In the excitement

mother dropped her hand-bag in the water, and never saw it again, but I suppose the little Italian boys, who dive for coins, found it afterward, unless the water was too deep there. The most important things in it were the keys to our trunks, and father had to go out that night, after we reached the hotel, and hunt up some Italian locksmiths to get the trunks open. It was ever so much trouble, and mother was very sorry she had been so careless as to drop her bag overboard, but father did not say a word, even when the lock on one trunk had to be broken open for the customs. I suppose he remembered the gold necklace in Florence and knew how easy it is to lose things.

Excepting for frequent visits of the two locksmiths, our stay in Naples after our return was quite uneventful. We visited some shops and bought some tortoise shell things

and a little coral, but we did not try to do any more sight seeing, excepting what we could do without any effort.

Finally came the day of sailing, and we discovered that by this time we were thinking and talking very often about our home, and our school, and our teachers and playmates, and that the thought of going home, after a year's absence, made us all very happy.

So we went aboard the ship that was to carry us back to the dear home land, in high spirits, and before very long we were having our last view of *La bella Napoli* and the Old World.

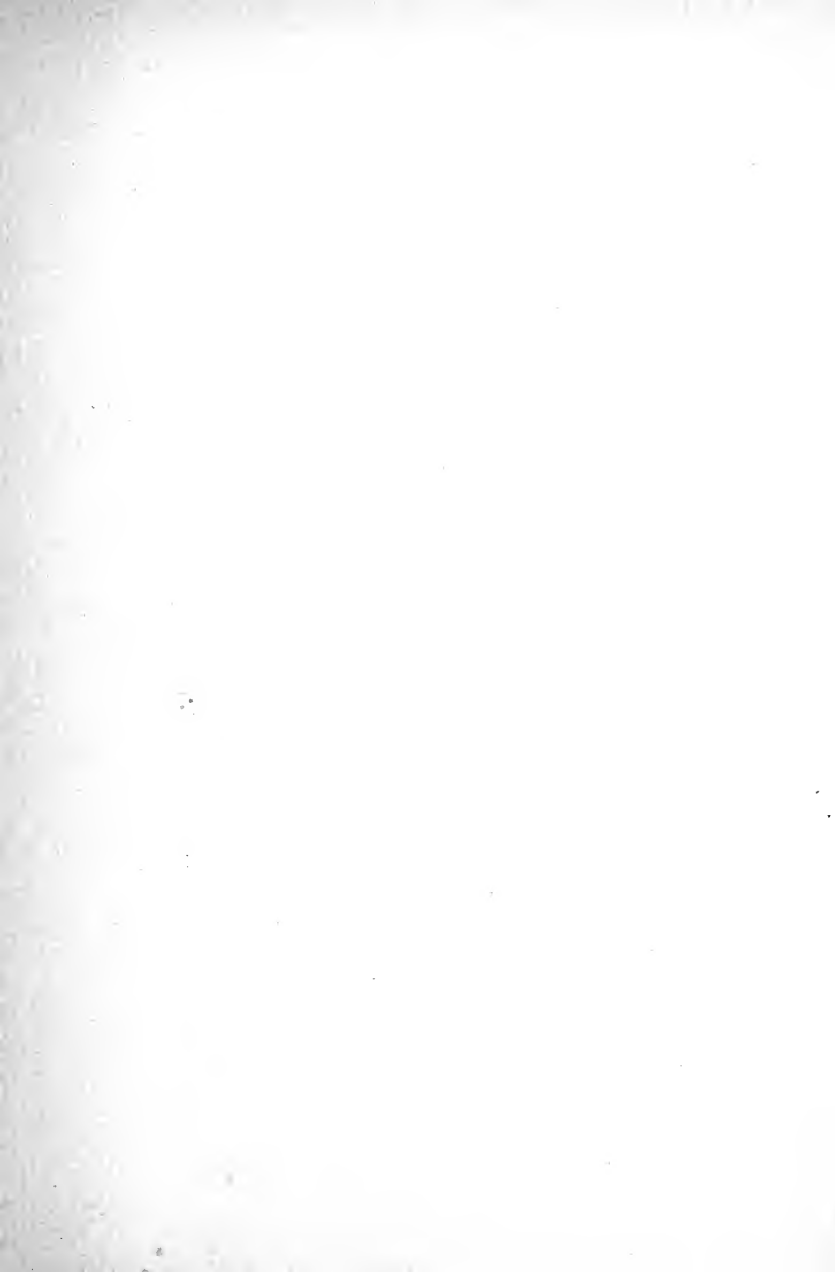


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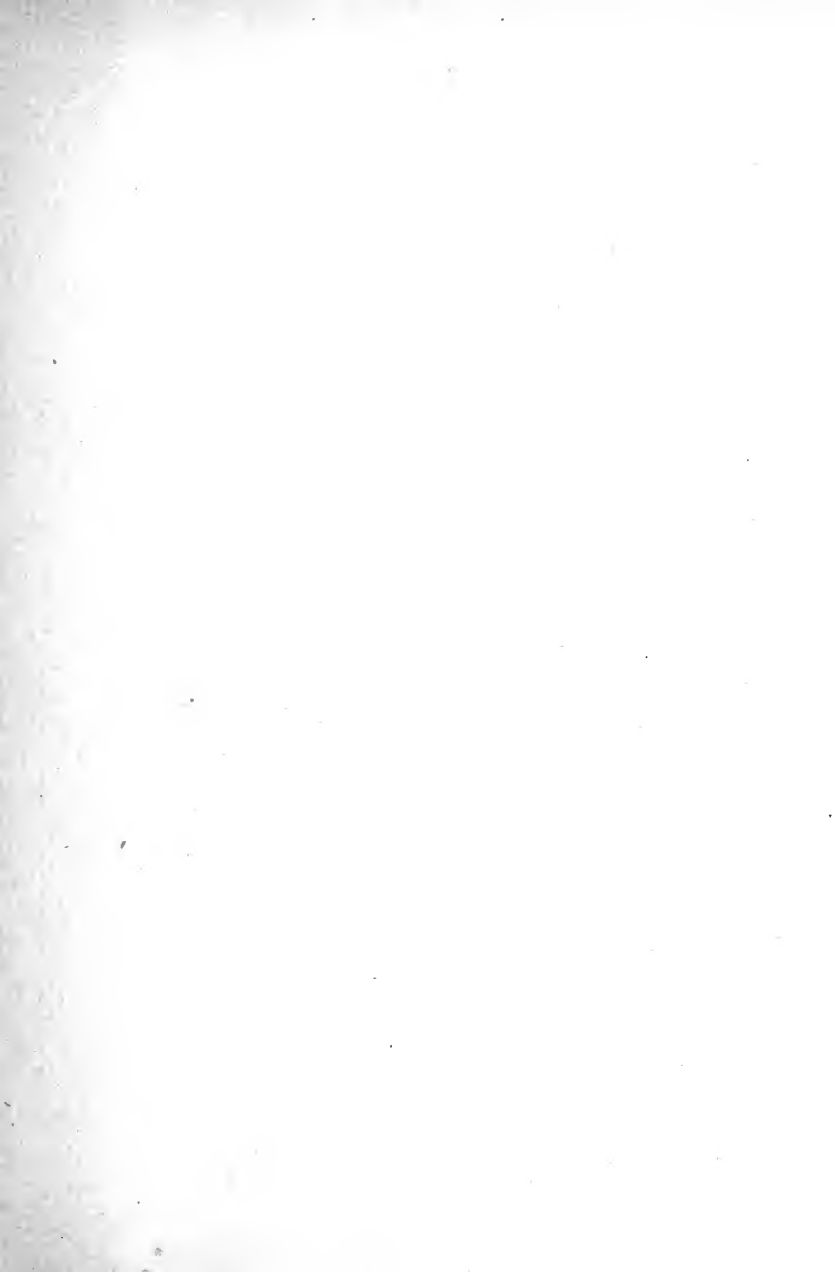




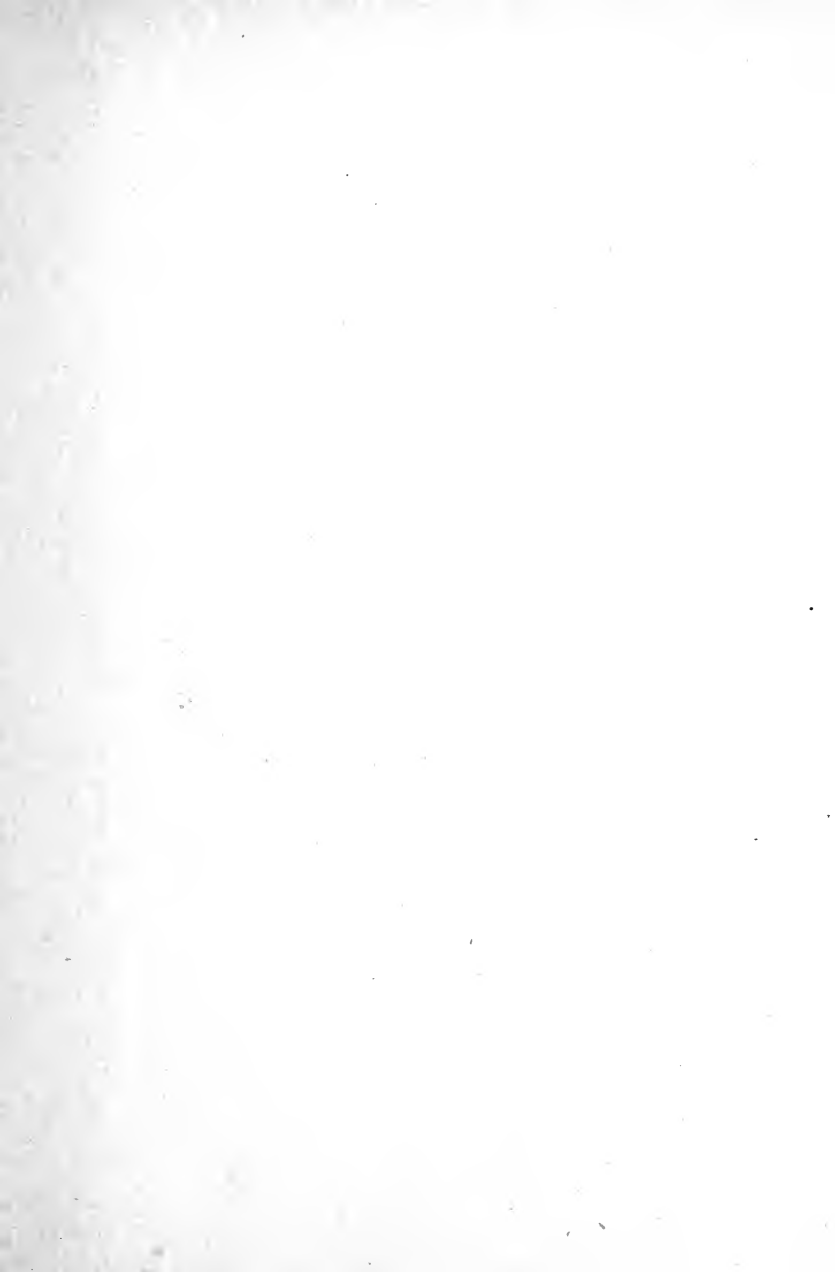
















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